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THIS PAPER?

BUL, Did you ever stop long

enough to think whether or

not you are a subscriber;

and if you are, whether or

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thus enabling the "bone

and sinew" of the paper to

Those who depend large-

ly, if not altogether, upon

a neighbor for his local

paper, often miss much of

that respect and love a

country editor has for his

readers - those readers of

whom he renders an ac

count - not those who are

constantly taking advantage

of him by borrowing his

paper instead of becoming

PROMPTLY,

grow and flourish?

PAID UP

ALONG THE BEACH. Last eight a storm was on the sea.
The wreckage drifts ashere:
Come walk along the beach with me,
And hear the breakers roar. What soul their sorrow understands? What oye can trace their path? They fling themselves upon the sands, And foam with fear or wrath.

> Nor trembles at their shocks, But lifts to meet them as they come. Its great, insensate rocks. They calm me with their awful strength,

So small my life appears, So less than nothing in their length. Are all my days and years. I look across the restless sea. And seem an atom, tost to wandering winds, and what to me is joy, if kept or lost?

Would any miss, 'till judgment day, So small a thing as 17
—Elien M. H. Gates, in Chicago Interior

The shore receives them, patient, dumb,

TO BE AN ACTRESS.

What a Country Girl Found Behind the Scenes.



dull, there's no denying that. He was "ory good and very well-to-do and very respectkind to me, and loved him, but it was very dull, neverthe less; no company, no amusoments-noth ing but polit-

ead, for novels were tabooed, and periodicals, such as ladies like, were looked upon with di trust and suspleion. And as I had been taught to play on the melodeon hymn-tunes only, with which I ac ompanied the volces of the members of the prayermeeting when they assembled at our use, or put my grandfather to sleep

of an evening No human being could have been more lonesome than I And when, one winter, I received a cor lial invitation to visit an nunt, whom I had never seen, and who had taken a house for a few months in New York city, my grandfather gave me permis-

their first one. I smile I, I sirhed, I wept, I believed it all I admired the lady performers, and believe t the gentlemon the perfect beings, with unimpeachable manners and morals, which they appeared upon the boards. I reverenced the old man with floating gray bale and spec-I the place and a joicel in his well-

perited punishment. I saw many other dramatic perform-A HEARSE

being turned out of Paradise. My e-usin William saw me to the de-TRAVELING MEN

pot and put me on the curs, with a long handshalring, and a look that told me, inexperienced as I was, that he would have liked a country kiss. He promised to "run down to see me," and tool watching the cars out of sight. Such a dear, good fellow. It was so nice to have such a cousin. I put my veil over my face, and leaned back to think of him and my visit.
"Pleasant day," anid a voice at my

I turned my head. An elderly gen tleman, in a mahogany-colored wig, with a very fine set of false teeth, was amiling at me. I smiled at him in re-

"Very nice," I said, "very pleasant."
"Traveling alone?" asked the stran-

"Yes, sir," I said. "It isn't far-and "You live in the country, ch?" asked the gentleman.

"In a country place," I said. "This is my first visit to the city—or was, I suppose I ought to say, for it is over.

Involuntarily, as I uttered the last words, I sighed. "Sorry to go home?" asked the old

gentleman. "Well," said I, apologetically, "it was so pleasant. I went to parties and to the theater—and—"

"Yes-and at home it's slow," said the old gentleman. "I know these country places. Breakfast at five, dust the parlor—peel the onions—min-ister calls and hopes you're not a back-slider, but hasn't seen you at church, in the rain, for two Sundays. Dinner at twelve, tea at six, go to bed at nine. Once a year don't go to the circus because it is wicked; see the posters and

"Only I'm not married yet," I said.
"Of course not," said the gentleman. Too young-oh, dear, yes, too lovely. Married ladies from villages are always lean and yellow. Well, so you enjoyed the play, did you?"
"Very much," I said.

And then I told the lively old gentle- sipated-looking brute. man what I had seen, and ended a ong and ardent conversation on the subject of actresses by declaring that would like to be one myself. "Be one, then," said the old gentle-

"Nobody's grandfather ever would,"

to go on the stage come to me. I'll employ you. There's my address." And he scribbled something on a card,

excitement, the joy of being namired and applauded, of attering bewitching sentiments and enchanting applauding hundreds. What a change for one who had hitherto only strummed the melodeon or read the yearly reports of the Evening Circle to a dozen sleepy old people. A last I believe I went mad upon the subject, at least it became a monomania. An actress I I rummaged amongst the "properties" would be. So one bright day, while scattered about the floor, shedding my grandfather was absent from me, I packed a large satchel of underciothing, took my few valuable or-naments and fifty dollars which be-longed to me, and started for New York, with the eard containing my manager's address safe in my poelect

I left a note upon my pillow in which my determination to be a "star" was set forth, and felt myself to be a heroine. The journey was without event and without interest to me until I stood at the door of the manager's sanctum, with my knuckles touching the panels. I struck a trembling rap. A voice called "come in." and I entered. The manager arose.

"Bless me!" he said. "My pretty traveling companion. How are you, my dear, and what brings you here?" I answered him tremutously: "I have run away, I-I want to be

an actress." "You do, my dear!" said the man-ager. "Ah, well-yes-I believe I can belp you. Beauty in distress always mmands my assistance. Let me see. We are about to produce a splendid drama. You won't do for the corps de ballet-no, not yet. We'll have you on in the indignant populace. young woman. Go on to-night-" I looked at the clock.

Shall I be able to learn my part?"

"Nothing to say, you know," said the manager. "Only at the cue, 'Shall tyrants prosper?" you all lift up your right hands, you know, and groan. One rehearsal will finish you. Wait! Have you lodgings?"
"No," I said, "not yet."

"You had better board with Mrs. Spangles," said the manager. "She used to be a ballet girl until she tumbled out of a cloud and broke her leg. Now she takes theatrical people to board. I'll introduce you.'

He was very kind, I thought, and I told him so. He said: "Not at all."

He was right. I went on as ninth woman that evening in a pink mosquito-net dress and father. Mrs. Spangles that night. She had the fourth floor in a flat, and I was placed sion to go, and I went. There I first in a dark bedroom, where I shared a saw a play. I enjoyed it, as people do couch already occupied by a lady of couch already occupied by a lady of the ballet and another speechless actress, who went on in bonnet and shawl in street scenes and who was

It was a dreadful night. and with floating gray hair and spec-awake and wept. My remorse was life. But to me the vocation of actress floating for the life in his well-terrible. Grandfather would never had lost its charms forever. I never I saw many other dramatic performances during my stay, but never any like that.

It was a therming visit, altogether, and when the time for my return home arrived, I felt as though I were about being turaed out of Paradise.

My c-usin William saw me to the de-Market Paradise on part of my troubles.

Would neve returned at once. I had a setress I used an actress I used a

Macbeth, or at least Pauline, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and I had been a nobody in cartoun net and gilt paper, with nothing to say." Mrs. Spangles shook her head.

"Bless you," she said, "jest so I felt. wanted to be first dancer-I did in-



"I WART TO BE AN ACTRESS."

deed-and I had just risen to be one of the seruphs in a cloud when I broke my leg. Of course, that was an end to it. I know your feelings, my dear. Don't mention it to the other ladies, but I'll put a drop of brandy in your tea at breakfast to comfort you. You know degrees. You'll have speaking parts globe which seems to answer the pur-soon." it can't be done at first. You rise by

There was some comfort in that But, after all, the reality was terrible that surrounded me. The discomfort was intense. The work not easy, constudent of theology, with the bronchitis. Dreadful life for a young woman.

tis. Dreadful life for a young woman.

were honest, hard-working creatures, but law and worthless, but many were vicious. Three wives to an actor appeared, if the tales I heard were true, to be the regular average. The theater was a very low one, and the star of the time was generally intoxicated, and, out of his paint, false hair and whisters, was a terribly dis-All my remance concerning the life

of an actress was over. The smiling beauty of the play was sulky and worn-out behind the scenes. The "Grandfather would never let me," I

or did."

"Grandfather would never let me," I

or did."

affectionate couple quarreled like cats and dogs. Only a favored few eujoyed any degree of respect or kind-

ow I hated him and abrank from I avoided him with deadly terfor, for he twice tried to kiss me, and for some time I succeeded. But one afternoon after we had been paid off by some means lost my purse. I knew that it must have been dropped in the theater, and hastened back. As some tears in my anxiety, some one behind me coughed estentationally. I

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR BRART, MY DOAR? rned and saw the star. He was very ip y and very jocose. llave you lost your heart, my denr? a ked. I shrank from him. "My purse, with all my week's vare," I said.

He come closer. "You wouldn't Lt me have a hishe other day," he said. "Give me one

ww-come. The smell of T quor on his breats c'rened me. His nanner alarme ! me. There was no one in the building but a deaf eld woman, engaged somewhere in aweeping. I had to summer cour-

L ave me instantly!' I said. "How re you show m . impertinence?" But the wretch caught me around

"One good smeek," he said. "I-" But before the next word was out of is mouth he lay sprawling upon the he thinks. Goor. Two men ha! entered behind m, and one stood over the tipsy ruffin, while the other wrung his hands and wept. The first was my-

"bly child," cried the old man, "I have found you at last! My poor, poor hild! Come home with me!" Will you take me home?" I asked.

"Than fully!" said the old man. Oh, my misguided child!"

Consin William only offered me his

miraculously vgly. There were three other bedrooms on the floor and nine boarders. Mrs. Spangles slept on a lounge in the dining-room.

We went home together to the dull little house, which seemed like heaven to me, and there I told my story. I bad had a terrible experience, and had seen the worst phase of theatrical forgive my conduct, I felt sure, or I again desired to go upon the stage.
would have returned at once. I had For a long time I detested the very

liam for five years, and domestic pleasures are as dear to me as ever. We go to see a play sometimes, and we know that amongst the players are good and reputable men and women; but I never hear a silly young girl say, as many girls do: "I wish I were an actress," without telling her the experionce of my youth and feeling thankful that I was so happily and tenderly rescued from it. Home, however humble, and the kindly care of her natural guardians alone make a woman's life happy. And one approvwelfare and her honor at heart is better than thunders of applause from a host of pleasure-seekers, who care not what death their butterfly shall die when she has fluttered her brief hour before them and they are weary of her -N. Y. Ledger.

A Lover's Sacrifice

'My dear Laura, last night a beautiful idea struck me how to ingratiate myself with your father, so that he must yield at last and give his consent to our marriage. You know he is an inveterate shuff-taker, and-"

"Ah! you are going to present him with a snuff box?" "Botter than that; I shall at once begin taking snuff myself."- Toledo

-The stentor, or trumpet-animal culm, is shaped exactly like a trumpet, save that at the small end there is a and all other organs.

LAMP SHADES.

Fasty Novelties That Are Now Most Pop-In the shops one finds beautiful lamps and shades adapted to the use of gas and electricity. Some of the globes for use with the incandescent lights cesemble jewels a color and brillancy. Tall lamps for halls and corners of rooms usually have flaring colored glass globes, which are put on the lamps concave side up, and for this reason the term shade seems hardly appropriate. There are pretty candle tick lamps with clear glass globes through which the candle light comes. These are often further embellished by a side screen, the usual thing being jeweled butterfly or a dainty cupid Of course there are all sorts of lovely andle shades both in silk and lace and paper. For lamps almost everything used for shades; dainty creations in silk and lace; pretty and ugly things in paper—for the French use a great many paper shades, not the elaborate and exquisite kinds that are made from soft, crinkled paper, but stiff paper fluted and of all colors.

One lampshade that seems to be and at present is of pasteboard. It re-sembles a bandbox, a little narrower at the top than at the bottom. It is hand painted and expensive, costing six dollars and upward. It makes a good shade for the library, as it throws a soft light over a large surface. I sup-

"Go down to the Great Northern notel and interview the female auffragist leader there," said the city editor to one of his reporters. The young man returned in about an

"I saw her, sir, but she wouldn't talle. "Then you must have seen the wrong voman," replied the chief .- Harper's

A Lengthy Attachment Figg-Your wife says that your serv-Fogg—Yes. We had become greatly attached to that girl, and we shall never be able to fill the void she has eft in our household. "Then she has lived with you for "Oh, yea; more than five weeka!"— loston Transcript.

The Happy Man. Dudely Canesucker—You are writing love letter, Miss Birdie; who is the appy man?

Birdle-You are mistaken. I am writing to a gentleman to let him know that I will never be his wife. Dudely Canesucker — Is that so? Well, anyhow, who is the happy man? Texas Siftings.

Friend-Why are you so enthusiastic on the subject of woman's suffrage?

Mr. Nojoy — The elections always come in the spring and fall, don't they?

"Certainly. "Well, get 'em interested in the earnpaigns, and they'll forget about house-cleaning."—N. Y. Weekly.

Politeal Item. A small boy in an Austin (Tex.) Sunday school was asked; "Where do the wicked finally go?"

What's the Dog's Opinion? Cholly Chumpleigh—Do you know, Miss Coldeal, from the way my dog looks at me, sometimes, I'm posities

Miss Coldeal — Very likely, Mr. Chumpleigh. But I wonder what he thinks!—Puck.

"You seem to think a newspaper man knows everything," exclaimed the re-"Well," replied the self-satisfied "there's no reason why he

nity)—This young lady, sir, has no wish to ride free. Here is her ticket. Chicago Tribune.

An Appropriate Name The Modiste-I'm going to set the fashion for a new colortween a seal brown and a chocolate, but I can't find a name for it. Her Friend-Why not call it "Chi-

cago snow?"-Chicago Record. Then He Was Shown the Door. "I have here," said the sculptor, "a plaster cast of a young woman of Bos

"I see," said the visitor, genially. "The pale cast of thought, so to speak." -Chicago Record.

Little Ethel-What makes the baby Little Dot-Mamma says it's 'cause ne's getting teeth. Little Ethel-They must be a awful

bad fit.—Good News. An Excellent Reason The sexes can never be truly equal, No matter what's written and said and done While the stupidest man has fourteen pockets,

Tenant-Why, I haven't been able to make a fire in this fireplace all the winter. It doesn't draw. Landlord-So? Then it must have

Slow Service. Patron (angrily) - Bring me son Restaurant Walter-But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir.
Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.-Chicago Record.

A New Annoyance. Fred—Did you enjoy the grapes while you were in California? Ned—Well, no; not particularly. You see I haven't as yet had my veriform appendage removed.—Judge.

Intended as a Compliment Cholly-My doctor said I had bwain

Her tilel Chem.

Mande-llow did you ever manage to sure that young man of his love for you? Marie-Took him shopping one day

A Difficult Combination

Papa-You ought to have the baby's photograph taken.

Mamma—I will the first time he looks happy when he's dressed up.—

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PAINTS AND OILS.

ness. No one's anlary was sufficient for his wants, and the mauager was a said the old gentleman. "Of course not. But who cares for grand.

The spectacular drama continued. Six nights out of every seven I put on a theatrical manager. When you want the mosquito-net gown and the paper the mosquito-net gown and the paper to go on the stage come to me. I'll employ you. There's my address."
And he scribbled something on a eard,
Just then the whistle sounded; a bell rang; a voice shouted:

"Cranberry bridge!"
I was at home.

"I must go," I said. "I live here, Good-by, sir." And I hurried out.

I was at home.

"I must go," I said. "I live here, Good-by, sir." And I hurried out.

Yes, I was at home once more. The old routine had begun again. It was duller than ever. But now I used to steal down to the little news depot every morning and purchase a New York paper, and read the column of "Amusementa." I knew the actrosses' names by heart, and no queen wassever envied as I envied those bright, bewitching creatures. Day by day my wish to become one myself grew with me Once what is beauty the stage, but because of the fancled faced, half-tipsy individual, who had.

Week for these acreices fill may a shade for the library, as it throws a shade for the library, as it throws a shade for the library as it throws a soft light over a large surface. I suppose it appeals to the sense of beauty in some. else it would not exist—laddes flome Journal.

It makes a good shade for the library as it throws a shade for the library, as it throws a shade for the library, as it throws a shade for the library as it throws as labeled for the library tini Draggist I suppose your draggist love charged you about five dollars for this line prescription. It's nothing but about

A Scheme for Comfort

"They practice law for a spell, and then they go to the legislature," was the pat reply of the observing youth.— Texas Siftings.

shouldn't. I'm sure I am always ready to be interviewed."-Washington Star. Conductor-Madam, how old is that boy? Elderly Matron (with freezing dig-

And the eleverest weman has none. ENCOURAGING.



saved about five pounds for you in fuel. In such a case I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent.-Comic Cuts.

The Wife-Why don't you play foot ball, John? The Husband — Why, my dear, I might get maimed for life. The Wife - Yes, darling, but you might get killed.—Truth.

She-That was very kind of him-

One Woman's Rights. He (after the wedding)-The first time I kissed you I got slapped.

She (firmly) — Yes, and hereafter you'll get slapped if you don't.—N. Y. Weekly.